**Derivative story:**

Astra gleefully embraced her pup, Fidelis, and verified his safety. Then her bright gray eyes widened and turned in exasperation to her friend. “Tempus! What just happened? Where are we? How did you do that?”

Tempus bit his lip apologetically. “Astra, this is going to be difficult to accept, but don’t be irritated with me. It’s time for you to know.” He took a deep breath and tried his best to ignore the agitated looks his best friend was directing his way. “Do you remember when we first met?”

“It was the anniversary of my birthday…I was turning five, and my father was taking me to visit a famous astrologer outside the city. I was nervous what fate he might reveal that the gods hold for me…but on the way we met with that unfortunate accident on the Via Appia. An enormous cart had been turned over by a group of fugitive slaves trying to escape. You were traveling on that cart and my father insisted on giving you a ride into the city. We’ve been friends ever since.”

“And you never thought to question the fact that I have no family…no parents…no home…”

Astra was perplexed. She had never realized quite the quandary that Tempus’ appearance in her life presented. He had just been by her side since that day. They explored the city, pretended to train as gladiators alongside her father’s students, took up lessons on the lute together to the point that the neighbors became irascible with the daily squeaks and repetitive notes, and attempted to stump her tutor with tough questions or using new vocabulary. Tempus had a particular way of speaking with a prevalence of formal-sounding words, which Astra assumed he had learned from home. But not once in all that time had Astra ever been to his home, met the family of her companion, or thought to ask.

Tempus nodded. “It’s okay – the gods kept you in a temporary state of nescience for as long as possible, and though your father had quite the capacity for kindness, he knew I was meant to accompany you.”

“What are you saying?”

“You have a benefactor on Mount Olympus, and I was nominated as a sort of …agent to help you.”

Astra’s jaw dropped, and she sat abruptly on the grassy hill. Tempus saw a hurt look in her eyes before she turned her attention to Fidelis who was nestling himself against her side, his tail happily slapping the ground. He quickly attempted to salvage the tone, “But it was more than just an assignment for me, of course! Our friendship wasn’t a deception.” He was relieved to see Astra smile at him encouragingly.

“So… you’re a …god? And that’s how we ended up …where are we?”

Tempus chuckled. “Not really. I mean, I’m more of a demi-god with one really nifty ability. It’s not where, so much as when… I have power over temporal spaces.”

“Meaning…?”

He held up his wrist. Astra had always teased him for wearing the bizarre bracelet with its constant ticking sounds. “This helps me move through time. You just have to grip it and seize a specific day in time.”

“So *when* are we?” Despite the incredibility of it all, she was determined to take this story in with utmost optimism.

“Well, in the rush of trying to avoid getting captured by Dis in the alley, I sent us back for refuge to the last place I visited. It’s the same place I found Fidelis – actually…” The pup let out a little yap at the mention of his name and agilely hopped forwards to nuzzle him. “There was a certain she-wolf who found herself with two new additions to her litter…”

“You don’t mean….Fidelis grew up with Romulus and Remus??! THE Romulus and THE Remus?? And we were almost captives of Dis? That’s who the creepy guy was that took my dog? THE Dis Pater?? The ancient god of the underworld?? And if you can travel through time, why didn’t you save us more quickly that one time when the lions broke loose from their cages and chased us below the arena? It would have spared me the most frightening moments of my life. I’m glad the animal tamers were at least there to rescue me.”

Tempus grinned. This was more like the incredulous reaction he expected from her. “Yes, the real everything. If I recall correctly, the incident with those lions might have been avoided if a certain someone wasn’t making ridiculous faces and doing cartwheels in front of their pen. Besides, there are limits to my powers. The Fates still control so much – we can visit different days in time, but we can’t alter anything….but there are specific events in the past that are critical and *meant* for us to intervene.” Astra raised one eyebrow at him. “It’s complicated, I know. Time is like a path on a map, and the gods have decreed which way it must go. Which is where Dis comes in. He wants to create a divergent path. Dis Pater was claimed as the ancestor of the Goths before the Romans accepted him, and they’ve been appealing for his help to annihilate your people. If he succeeds, then not only will he destroy all of the Roman Civilization, but he will destroy the destiny of the world, forming it in his own fashion against the will of the Fates. And supposedly…” Tempus took a deep breath, “*we* are *meant* to stop him.”

Now both eyebrows were raised as Astra pondered what this meant. “So that’s why he came after us today and took my canine friend here. To lure us into some sort of trap.” She tousled the fur between the pup’s ears and he licked her palm appreciatively. “So…where…or I mean - *when* to next?”

Tempus shrugged with ambivalence. “I’ve looked through the annals of history and he seems to have his stamp on everything. He’s more ubiquitous than astronauts in the 24th century.” Before Astra could question this reference, Tempus pulled out a soft, leather-bound bundle. “Speaking of the future, this is a gift from your benevolent protector. It’s a diary, so you can record all your adventures. It’s like a scroll, but instead the papyrus is bound, with one sheet on top of the other.”

Astra fanned the thin sheets of papyrus against her hand in wonderment and ran her fingers over the cover. She discovered letters delicately embossed on the front and read them aloud, “*Ad Astra*. To me! …Or to the stars. And one last thing – who is this mysterious god on my side?”

Tempus sighed. “She didn’t reveal her identity. I mean, I’m pretty sure it was a she…the gods have a silly obsession with shape-shifting sometimes. But she had a few words for you too.” He paused as Astra looked up expectantly, then, with a twinkle in his eye, he delivered the message. “She says, ‘Happy birthday.’”

Exercise: Derivative Hunt

In this story, there are 21 derivatives from some of the bolded words in our Chapter One vocabulary list. How many can you find? Try to find at least ten and fill in the chart to identify the derivative, the Latin root, and the meaning of the Latin root. The first has been done for you.

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| English Derivative | Latin root and meaning of root |
| e.g. Verified | Ita vero = yes, indeed |
| 1. |  |
| 2. |  |
| 3. |  |
| 4. |  |
| 5. |  |
| 6. |  |
| 7. |  |
| 8. |  |
| 9. |  |
| 10. |  |

**Bonus:** There are 15 more derivatives in the story that come from the words in our LYCU phrases. Can you find 5 of them?

Exercise: Matching Derivatives

Match the derivatives on the left with their Latin roots on the right.

\_\_\_\_\_\_ 1. Asteroid A. minimus/minime

\_\_\_\_\_\_ 2. Agenda B. optime

\_\_\_\_\_\_ 3. Benediction C. irae

\_\_\_\_\_\_ 4. Canine D. quid

\_\_\_\_\_\_ 5. Concept E. fugit

\_\_\_\_\_\_ 6. Misfortune F. astra

\_\_\_\_\_\_ 7. Irascible G. vale/valete

\_\_\_\_\_\_ 8. Subterfuge H. bene

\_\_\_\_\_\_ 9. Minimalist I. capio / carpe

\_\_\_\_\_\_ 10. Denominator J. pecunia

\_\_\_\_\_\_ 11. Optimal K. ago

\_\_\_\_\_\_ 12. Impecunious L. canis

\_\_\_\_\_\_ 13. Quiddity M. tempus

\_\_\_\_\_\_ 14. Valedictorian N. nomen

\_\_\_\_\_\_ 15. Contemporary O. fortuna